

The Punta Gorda Herald

VOL. XVI

PUNTA GORDA, FLA., NOON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908.

NO. 35

THE GRAND SPECTACLE

Nightly Presented by Our Beautiful Bay.

The marvels of Southern seas have given travelers of all times and climes interesting themes for tongue and pen to enthuse over, but the weird and uncanny effects of phosphorescence which transforms at night the waters of the deep, from a black, to a mysterious expanse of shimmering, subdued fire that always suggests the supernatural, is a never failing subject for conjecture and wonder.

It is difficult to describe this strange phenomenon of the sea so as to make it clearly comprehended by those who have never seen it. It is evidently produced by animalcules that possess the power of making flashes of light much as does the firefly on a summer's night. They may do this as a means of protection from the pursuit of their enemies, who desist in their attacks after a sharp electric shock from the infinitesimally small batteries of these tiny motors, but this is a mooted question that scientists have yet to decide.

Some years these little creatures seem to be much more numerous than in others and then our Bay appears to be much better stocked with fish, which would lead to the conclusion that they are one of the forms of food that they feed on; and when they are scarce, they seek other waters where they are more plentiful.

It has been the sport of enthusiastic visitors who delight in marvels, to go bathing in our Bay in the dark of the moon, just for the enjoyment so unusual a pleasure gives, of tumbling and splashing about in a sea of light, dashing the water high over their heads to see it run down their dark suits in scintillating drops not unlike gems with some new and strange fire. Among the lesser luminaries appears at intervals larger ones like pale moons, that are jelly-fish of a larger form and the power to make a very strong light. Most unpleasant is the experience of coming in contact with these seemingly harmless masses of gelatinous substances, for hanging from this are several long hair-like tentacles that leave marks like red-hot wires where they brush across the flesh. This sensation passes away inside of half an hour; and although it might seem to the stranger to our shores that the presence of this disagreeable creature in the water would put more or less of a ban on water-sports, he would change his mind on seeing the gambols of our boys and girls and their elders almost any day of the year when they are indulging in their favorite pastime, for swimming is one of the most popular sports of pretty Punta Gorda.

A boat plowing through the waters of our Bay on a dark night is a fascinating sight as it turns back long trails of golden, purple, or green flashes from its prow, while a swirling, tumbling mass of resplendent light follows at the stern, and darting to and from the boat are shoals of fish that you can only liken to fiery rockets shooting through the water, leaving behind them long trains of light not unlike meteors of the heavens.

The climax of this magnificent

phenomenon is reached on stormy nights, when the heaving and tumbling of the waters makes an unceasing disturbance of the animalcules, causing them to give an almost uninterrupted display of light, producing an indescribably beautiful effect that is reflected on the stormy clouds above, and dashing with a never-ceasing tumult on the shore, casting long fiery sprays far up the beach, the light at such times being strong enough to lighten the landscape on the opposite shore, two miles away.

There are times when this light takes on different shades; sometimes the prevailing color being gold, then green, or a rosy or purple hue, and on still nights, when there is but little agitation of the water by the winds, every stick of piling will be encircled with a ring of golden fire, and happy lovers sitting on the wharves or in rowboats may be found amusing themselves by writing each other's names in the water with sticks that leave a fiery trail behind them.

Visitors to our town always make cynical remarks about the absence of electric street lights, but they soon discover the superfluity of these artificial aids to wayfarers before they have been with us a month, for on moonlight nights you will hear those same critical persons raving over the magnificence of our tropical moon, and when you might expect them to be in a fit of the sulks during the absence of that orb, they are but aroused to exaggerated flights of admiration over the glorious light of our phosphorescent bay, the glimmer of which fills our highways and byways, lighting the evening traveler on his way. Blessed be Allah!

A newspaper correspondent, writing from Sanford, says: "About 500 acres will be devoted to celery in what is known as the Sanford celery district. This section includes the land from Monroe to four or five miles west of Sanford to the Geneva ferry, five miles south. It is sometimes like a mile wide. While there is some unclaimed land in the section, it will not be long before every foot of it is under cultivation. A great deal of new land will be planted this year. The largest celery grower has about 50 acres, while some plantations run down to almost nothing. Some of the growers are already figuring to harvest 800 to 1,000 crates per acre."

Wauchula Advocate, Aug. 21:—The orange crop of DeSoto county will be ten per cent less than it was last year, according to Mr. Thos. S. Carlton, of Pine Level, who was in Wauchula most of the week. He is estimating the crop for the State Agricultural Department and has spent about three weeks visiting different sections of the county, therefore his estimate is worth something.

DeLand Record:—Orange groves about DeLand which have the white fly are being inoculated with the brown fungus, which, it is said, keeps this pest in check to a considerable extent. The fly must be there before you can get the fungus started on its mission of extermination.

OUR BOARD OF TRADE

Working Harmoniously and With Good Ends in View.

If the writer of an article appearing last week had a good purpose in view or was seeking to aid the efforts of the board of trade in attaining the objects we seek, he would ascertain facts and comment thereon for some good result. Drawing conclusions from premises based on alleged rumor or a fertile and inexhaustible imagination, can, of course, lead to but the one result of misrepresentation, because imagination and rumor never conform to facts, even if it were to flow from an accurate thinker.

No intimation or word has ever at any time been given in the board meetings that the "adverse report of the engineers puts the question of the improvement of the harbor out of business." On the contrary, at the last meeting, the engineers' report was read for the information of the members and it was followed by the explanation that this report was adverse only so far as the old project based upon the 1891 survey was concerned. A committee was appointed at my suggestion to report to the board a new project and ask for a new survey and try to eliminate all former objections. The question is very much a live one, but the board has a large task before it and needs support and not opposition from those wishing to aid Punta Gorda. We may have to work out our salvation by slow and steady process, as Tampa and Jacksonville did; but while we are so doing, we propose at our first opportunity to utilize the water we already have and construct a wharf and gather commerce by vessels that are now able to come in. As soon as times become normal, that project will be renewed.

I believe the gentleman is the only member of the community who has no need for a wharf and so, on his principle of "the welfare of the whole," proceeded to obstruct all efforts to build one. The gentleman in his anxiety for the "welfare of the whole" calls loudly to "let us re-organize and put aside personal ambition." If "us" is meant to include the members of the board, we have done exactly what he asks. He is behind the times. He must catch up to "us." The board is safely and well re-organized. The gentleman forced us to it. Does he wish to again tear down after the board has been to such strenuous efforts to build up? Or does he mean that the re-organization didn't suit his individual taste and hence isn't for the "welfare of the whole?"

If the board sought to satisfy everybody, nobody would be satisfied and nothing done.

A very apt illustration of some of our past accomplishments and progressiveness is best given in the words of one of our business men and presents the case fully and renders unnecessary any comment to those who know and recognize its truth. He said that, if the Almighty were to propose to annex Punta Gorda to Heaven, some one would vigorously protest that it must be annexed to

Hell or nothing. This has impressed our citizens with the dire, urgent and imperative necessity of eliminating that condition of affairs in order that results can be accomplished, and we are succeeding.

There are no dissension in our board. We discuss all phases of a question out in open meeting and settle on some action, and the principle of the majority rule prevails. If the gentleman wishes to be of assistance and can do likewise, the board would be glad to hear his advice and weigh it like all others. But rule or ruin is not the board's policy. But it certainly does our efforts no good, but a great deal of harm to rush into print in the county papers on erroneous representations or impressions or rumors, leaving the impression that dissensions exist in our ranks and that we have to re-organize often when there is but one man who dissents.

Our committees have been at work and have accomplished all that can be accomplished. One of our officers has been spending a greater part of his time to the exclusion of his business on one project. We can't do any more. Personally, I never liked the task which my position with reference to the work imposed. It has imposed burdens and thankless strife. As long as the people wish to support me in a continued effort to accomplish some good, I shall continue to endeavor without heed to the opposition of one man. But patience with some species of opposition at some time ceases to be a virtue.

We naturally expect, however, to find some gentleman ready to speculate, theorize, talk, abuse, insist that everybody else is "doing all those things which they ought not to do and leaving undone those things which they should do." They will always preach pessimism and practice opposition and finally, at the end of their endeavors for the "good of the whole people," conclude that they are the only earthly Moses to lead the people of Punta Gorda out of the wilderness.

F. A. WHITNEY, Prest.

Times-Union:—There are now five tickets for presidential electors in the field, each composed of five names. The Democratic voter should become familiar with the five names which stand for Bryan and Kern. They are: H. P. Bailey, P. W. Butler, Robert E. Davis, George C. Martin and Samuel Pasco. There are seven presidential candidates and the list under the heading of Presidential Electors on the ballot may comprise thirty-five names alphabetically arranged.

The famous old St. Cloud sugar plantation has been purchased by W. B. Makington, of Kissimmee, who will cut it up in 5 and 10 acre lots and sell or lease them. The plantation consists of 3,500 acres and Mr. Makinson says it will support 500 people.

De Land Record:—The tobacco growers over in middle Florida are up against a hard proposition. They have a fine crop this year, but the price offered them is just half what the preceding crop sold for, and they are storing it before taking the offer.

THE BEST TONIC OF ALL.

Pineapple Juice for Nervousness and Dyspepsia.

"If you are a perfectly healthy person and wish to remain so, drink pineapple juice," says the New York Tribune. "If you are ailing a bit and wish to recover your digestion and spirits, drink pineapple juice. If you have one foot in the grave and are a nervous wreck from the attack of dyspepsia, drink pineapple juice. It is the grandest tonic that nature has yet offered poor man, and is even better as a weapon against old age and decrepitude than the sour milk diet that has made the Bulgarian peasant the longest lived people on the face of the earth." This and more, says Dr. David T. Day, the well known scientist of the United States geological survey, who lays his splendid health at the door of the pineapple storehouse, and advises all who can to follow his example and be well.

"I have been an enthusiast on the subject of pineapple juice for several years—in fact, ever since the year of the Buffalo exposition, when I happened to make a trip to Cuba," says Dr. Day. "I was accompanied by a Chicago real estate man, who was about as near a nervous wreck as any one I ever saw. He did not appear to have many weeks to live. When we got down to the island, I advised him to try pineapple juice, to drink it in quantities, and to keep drinking it until he had given it a fair trial. No one in Havana seemed to know anything about the process of extracting the juice, but I got a number of pineapples, and, cutting them up, beat them in a mortar with a pestle, and thus extracted the juice. This I gave to our real estate friend; and after he had consumed a quart or so of the beverage, he was a different man. Within a short time he had completely recovered his health, and I'll bet he is now singing the praises of the treatment."

"The juice of the pineapple contains the natural ferments of healthy digestion to a remarkable degree. It is far better even than sour milk, because, unlike the milk, it does not have to digest itself. Sour milk, containing so much fat and solid matter, has a good deal of work to do, disposing of itself before it can assist in the digestion of other food in the stomach. Not so the pineapple juice. I really believe that if we adopt the pineapple juice as a national beverage, the Americans would be the healthiest people on the face of the earth. We would never know what dyspepsia and indigestion were. I consume as many pineapples as I can get hold of, and am such a believer in their efficacy that, in company with a number of friends, I have them shipped from Florida by the crate from Miami. On my second visit to Cuba, which was the year of the St. Louis exposition, I found that pineapple juice was almost a national drink. It was to be obtained at any drug store, or at any shop where drinks were to be sold. When iced and properly sweetened, there is no drink on the face of the earth that will compare with it. The beauty of the pineapple tippie is that it does

(Continued on page 2.)